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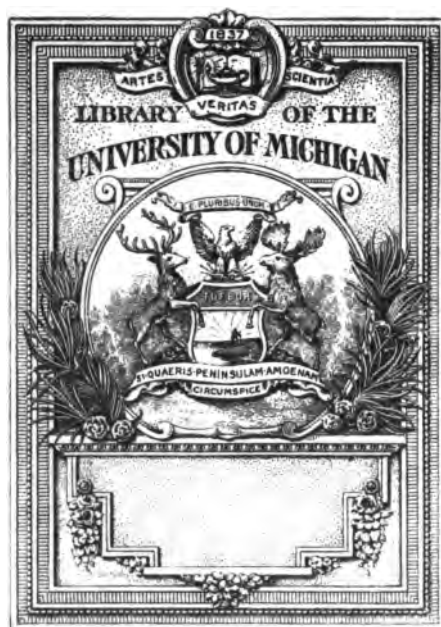
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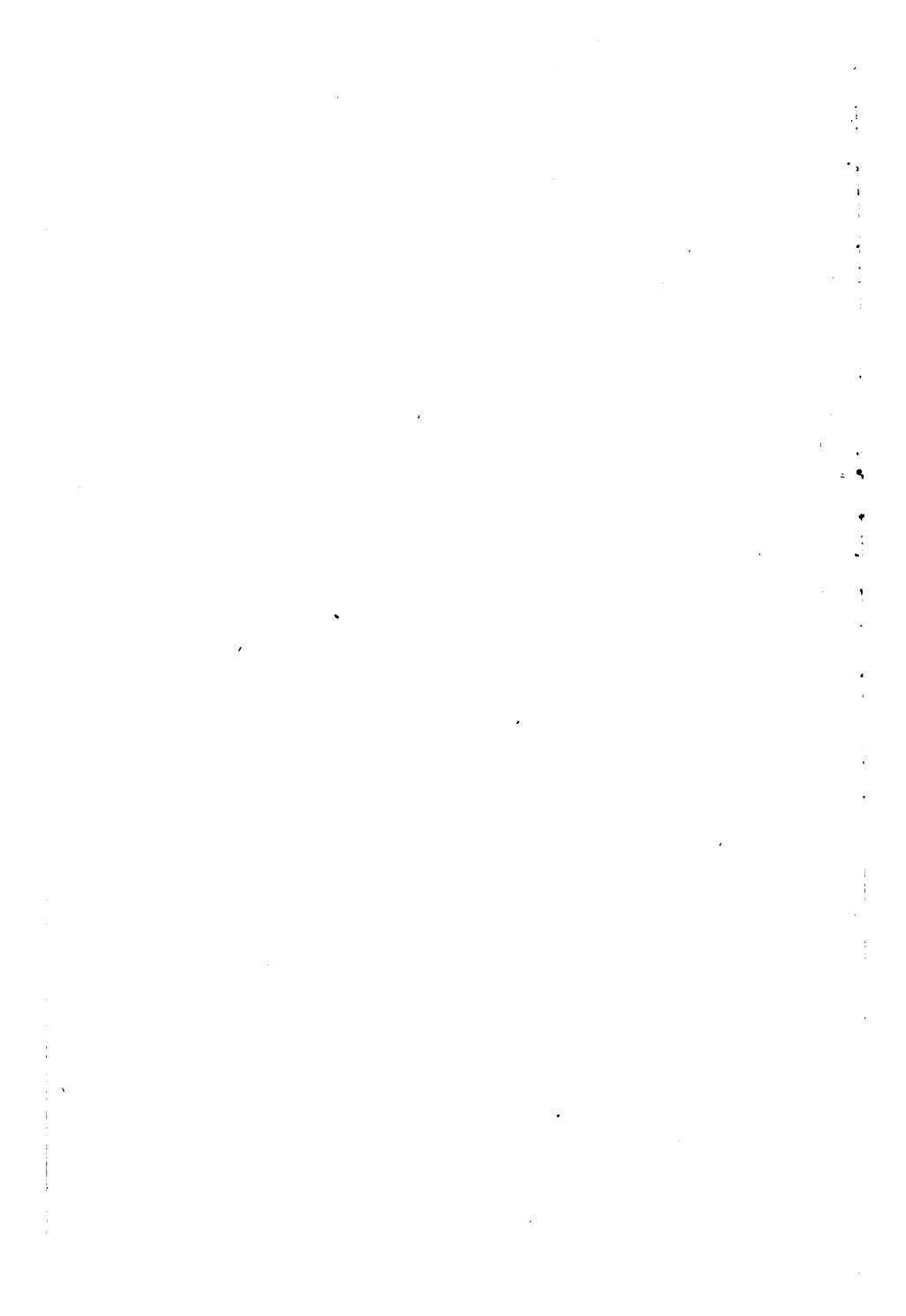
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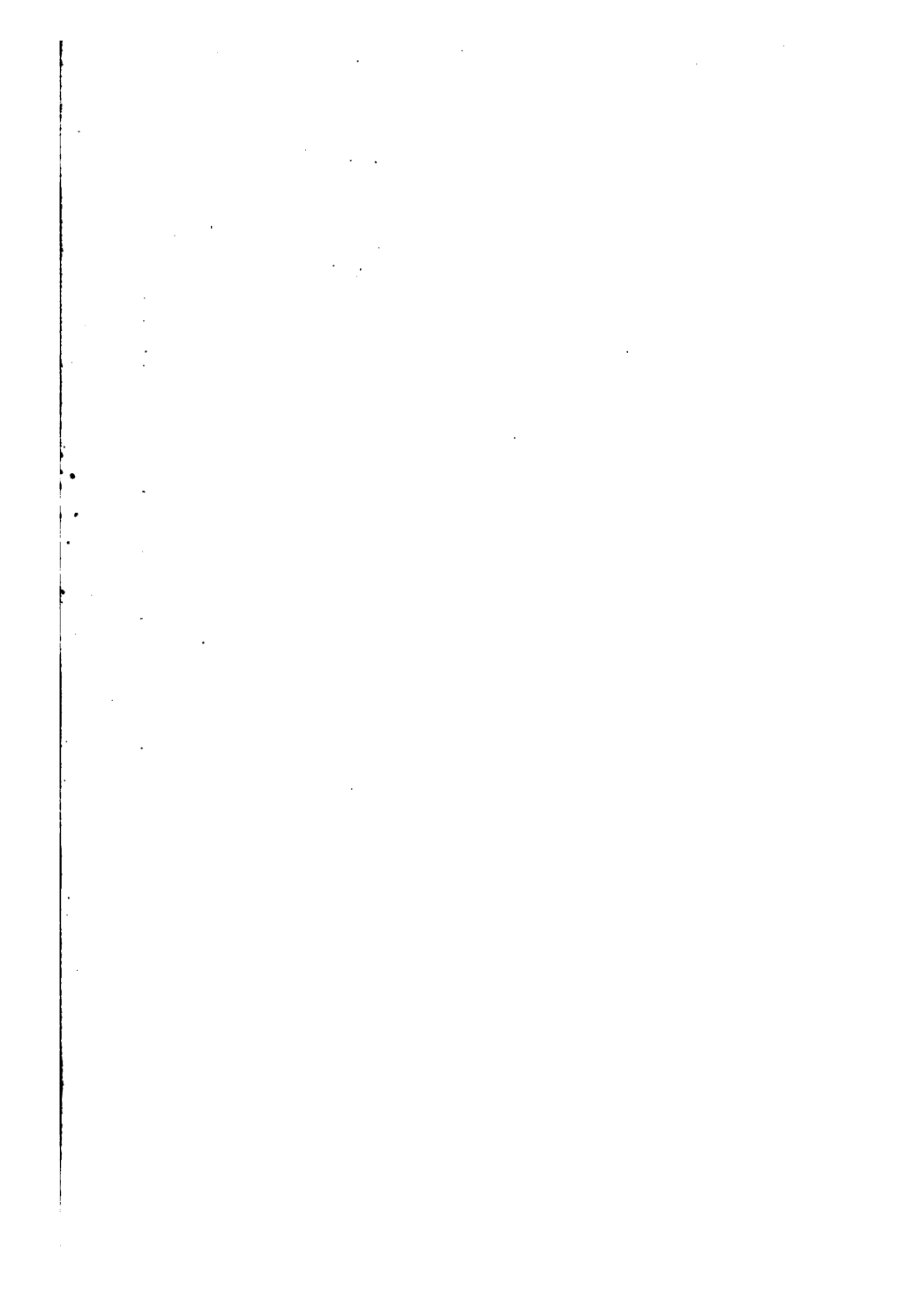
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**THE PRISON SHIPS
AND OTHER POEMS**

THE PRISON SHIPS AND OTHER POEMS

BY
THOMAS WALSH

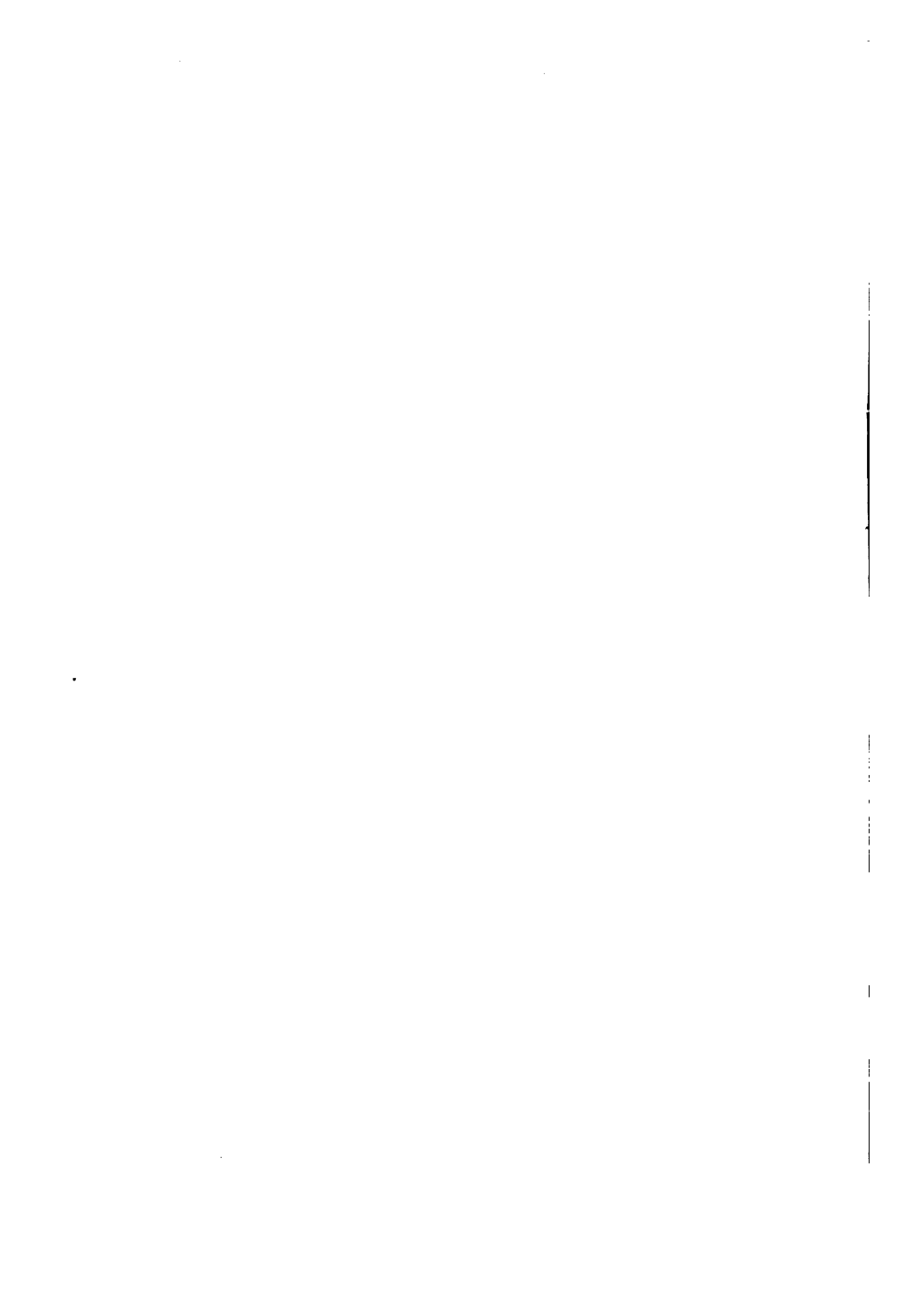


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AD MATREM
CATHERINE FARRELL WALSH
IN DEDICATION

THE PRISON SHIPS

ODE READ AT THE DEDICATORY EXERCISES OF THE
PRISON-SHIP MARTYRS' MONUMENT ON FORT
GREENE, WASHINGTON PARK, BROOKLYN,
NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 14, 1908.

NOT here the frenzied onslaught — here no
 roar
Of victory — no raucous cry of hate
From the red surge of war;
Here crowd no Cæsar's myrmidons of state
Lest for some hasty-fading laurels he be late
And night annul his place;
But solemn is the tread of feet that come
Around this hallowed mount — with drum
Concordant — with the clarion
Of youthful hearts that throb for deeds sub-
 lime —
Here where no stain can e'er deface
This columned beauty out of Parthenon,—
This glory surging pure beyond the clouds of
 Time.

Here on our fortress hill
Where Freedom's gathering vanguards took
 their stand,
O sacred relics! — how serene ye lay,
How patient for this day
Whose rites we now fulfill!

Thousands of dusks and dawns have trembled on
These portals of your tomb;
Ye heard the tread of discord shake the land,
The trumpetings of doom; —
Yea, through your sleep ye knew the orphan's
cry,
The broken hearts' far clamoring,
And the pale heroes plucking deathless wreaths
From fields o'ershadowed by the buzzard's wing!
Oh, in what direful school
Learned ye the iron rigor of the mind
Your memory bequeaths?
Was it in plague and famine ye did find
Such right divine to rule —
Such hope in God and man — that double stay
Of commonwealths to-day?
For here, the sponsors for all ages,
Ye gave as solemn gages
Not blood alone
But very flesh and bone!
Nor pledged ye only for the strong and brave,
But for the generations yet unborn
By every strand remote that greets the morn,
For the pale despot shackled to his throne
As for the serf and slave.
O stalworth dreamers in the dust,
That God who took your young hearts' trust,
Your pangs, the issue of your patriot cause,
Still sways the stars and souls of men

With th' ancient seals and laws ;
Nor did He turn and mock your anguish when
Ye cried His password through eternity
And died in fetters so ye might be free.
O martyrdom of hope ! — to lie
In youth and strength — and die
'Mid rotting hulks that once by every sea
And star swung carelessly —
To die becalmed in war's black hell,
Where in the noon's wide blaze your hearts could
soar

With gull and eagle by each cherished shore
Of home — where ye had sworn to dwell
The fathers of the free.
Doom like to this the Lydian victim bore
Who clutched at feasts divine — only to starve
the more.

Well might the blue skies and the breeze
Which once perchance swept Delphi o'er,
Well might the star-eyes question :—" What are
these

Heaped holocausts on Freedom's shrine?
Not even the dullard ox unto our altars led
Of old, but walked 'mid reverent throng
Anoint and garlanded !
What rite of hate or scorn of law divine
Strikes down its victims here
With not a funeral song
Nor poor libation of a tear? "

To-day give answer — ye, who 'mid the battle's
roar

Have known the rapture of a patriot's death,—
Ye, who have seen the aureole trembling o'er
Your brows as anguish clutched at Life's fond
breath,—

Blesséd and radiant now! — look down
In consecration of the solemn deed
Which here commemorates this iron breed
Of martyrs nameless in the clay
As the true heroes of our newer day —
World-heroes — patterned not on king and
demi-god

Of charioted splendor or of crown
Blood-crustéd — but on toilers in the sod,
On reapers of the sea, on lovers of mankind,
Whose bruised shoulders bear
The lumbering wain of progress — all who share
The crust and sorrows of our mortal lot —
Lamps of the soul The Christ hath left behind
To light the path whereon He faltered not.

Yea, now the boom of guns,
The scarlet bugles, faint from off the world!
Lo, o'er the loftier brows of man, unfurled
The purer banners of the dawning suns!
Banners of God in godlike minds — of hope —
Of faith, to daunt the crafty hordes of greed,
The venoméd remnant of the dragon's seed

Along the gutters of the world! No more men
grope

Up Life's black chasms — but free they swing
along

Their spacious levels in the noon's full flow'r

And strike to earth the barricades of wrong.

They have torn down the tyrants of an hour,—

Think not that they shall hear the deeps of
shame

Foredoom them likewise with the despot's name;

Nor doubt this glorious vessel of our state,

This visioned bark, whereof in martyr dreams

From death's grim hulks they caught the hal-
yard gleams,—

No feud can seize it, nor the grip of hate

Turn back its prow into the slime

For scorn to overwhelm

With name so curséd on the lips of Time

As “prison-ship” for men who would be free!

High God, Thy hand was on another helm

When every tide and breeze

Brought the hope-lighted argosies

From out the ports of hunger and of wrong!

And Thou alone hast number kept

Of that indomitable throng

Who gained this harbor portal,

From out their house of bondage crept

And sought the north, the south, the west,—

Armies of thrift and faith with hearts that
blessed

These graves immortal!

To-day from far their Freedom-lighted brows
Turn hither musing on their happy prow
That met the tides of sacred waters here
And touched a lustral shore whose shrines unto
the skies uprear.

And ye, O sailors faring buoyant forth,
Bear ye the tidings of this joy-swept main
Where round the coasts of Celt or Dane
Ye brave the sleet-mouthed north
Or track the moon on some Sicilian wave
Or lonely cape of Spain;
Take ye the story of these comrades true
Whose prison hulks sank here
Where now such tides of men are poured
As never surged o'er crag or fiord
To stay the gulls with fear —
Who yet such quest of glory knew
As never Argonaut of old
Seeking the shores of gold —
As never knight from wound and vigil pale
Tracing o'er sunset worlds his Holy Graal!

And lo! — to all the seas a pharos set
In sign memorial! Through the glooms of
Time

'Twill teach a sacrifice of self, sublime

O'er lash of storms as through corroding calms.
Nor e'er alone shall shine
Its love-bright parapet ;
But every star shall bring a golden alms ; —
The seething harbor line
Glow 'neath its star-fed hives, its swing and flare
Of Bridges ; — while with pilgrim lamps from
 sea
Shall grope the dreadnought fleets ; — while end-
 less prayer
Of dawns and sunsets floods the faces far
Uplifted, tear-stained, to this Martyr shrine, —
Whose sister torch shall greet what Liberty
Holds back to God, — earth's brightest answer-
 ing star.

AD ASTRA

LOVE, you are late,—
Yea, while the rose leaves fall
In showers against the moonlit garden-wall,
My firm hand bars the gate.
The nightingale
Has worn himself with pleading;
The fountains' silvered tears are interceding,
But what is their avail?

Love, you are too late,
Long stood the postern wide
With all my morning-glories twined; inside
Bird called to bird for mate.
Noon and the sun,—
The loves of bees and flow'rs;
With folded hands unclaimed I marked the
hours
That saw my youth undone.

Then evening star
And coming of the moon!
Ah, not too soon, my soul, ah, not too soon
Broke their soft grace afar!
All consecrate,
I chose my white path there,
And took the withered roses from my hair.
Love, you are too late,— too late!

THE BLIND

AT midnight, through my dream, the signals
dread
From star to star, brought word the sun was
dead.

It seemed as though¹ entire creation heard
Yet gave no answer,— neither call of bird
Nor low of cattle; but the townsfolk crept
In silence to their roof-tops. No man slept,
But merchant, bondman, prince and scribe and
priest,

Their faces haggard, searched the fateful East.
Down from the hillsides to the city gates
No market wains came rumbling with their
freights;

No sentry's voice along the citadel
Announced the hour; no matin peal or knell
From dome or *campanile*; not a sail
Stirred in the harbor offing! Then a wail
Despairing swept across the roofs, a sigh
O'er land and sea, as slowly on the sky
The sun's black bulk between the stars uprose —
One sigh of astral grief, and at its close
Came silence once again more terrible!

'Twas then, methought, a new-born infant cried;
And where the gates stood open gaunt and wide
A blind man crouched and stretched his empty
palms

Into the darkness and moaned, "Alms! Alms!"

EXPIATION

EARTH o'er her plains and mountains has
unrolled
A royal carpet all of red and gold
Whereon November on his exiled way
Like some doomed sultan may bow down and
pray.

ENDLESS SPRING

THERE comes a whisper through my heart
As night o'ertakes me on my way
Where I would hold my cares apart
And mourn the long autumnal day;
The paths I love await the snows,
The boughs are bare of song and wing,
Yet through my heart the whisper goes
That somewhere — somewhere there is spring.

I care not whether near or far,—
I know through other lands it goes
With drift of blossom, glint of star,
And old-time message of the rose.
I cannot ask that it should stay
Lest hearts afar lack comforting;
Enough for me to know alway
That somewhere — somewhere there is spring.

Belovéd — O where'er you be
For whom my thoughts are caroling —
O answer, heart to heart, with me
That somewhere — somewhere there is spring.

JOHN MILTON

1608 — DECEMBER — 1908

WHAT other tread is on Olympus now —
O vacant winds — O hollow valleys where
Of yore the Graces roved! What sightless
stare
Now awes the peaks that hailed blind Homer's
brow! —
“Great Pan is dead” — so every crag and
bough
Bemoaned; — “Zeus, vanished from his high
repair —
Apollo's darts unstrung!” — What foot hath
there
Dispersed that avalanche of gods — but thou

Who strode concurrent with the angel throng
Of Sinai and of Tabor — as the choirs
Of Bethlehem hill caught up the scattered
lyres
And heaven's Far-Darting bow was made a
Cross.
O Milton, still doth thine epochal song
Sound from life's peaks upon the vales of
dross.

SEAGULLS IN NEW YORK HARBOR

WINGS of the north that speak of Viking
days,
What winter madness yearly brings you here
To toss and scream upon the harbor ways
Between the prows that whiten far and near!

Yon seething heights and cañons but deride
The crags that nursed you in the isléd sea;
Yon roar of human traffic speaks of tide
More terrible than theirs and bids you flee.

For soon no eye shall mark you, and the day
Be swiftly heaped into the furnace west,
That tranquil hour your northern sisters stay
Their briny flights and wait you at the nest.

Then through the vasty reaches of the night
Shall vice and virtue range in ancient game
Upon one living checkerboard of light;
Where bridges raise their diadems of flame.

Yea, never — waking in their midnight caves —
Your kindred find such splendor on the seas
When the white hermit, North, his pennons
waves;
Yea, never dream of witcheries like these.

Think you that at the dawn the fiery eyes
Which guard yon outposts shall be closed in
sleep?

That mid yon realm of gathering shadows lies
Some eyrie like your old ones on the deep?

Nay, — though the midnight hush the sullen
streams

That gloat like misers o'er the rests of light,
Think not to find your haven here for dreams,—
But to the sea, O winter wings, take flight.

DIVINATION

WHAT glory waits upon the rose
Where light of more than earth delays?
Some lineage of heaven betrays
Itself, I know, in tint and pose.
A starlight through the day it throws,
Yea, all my nights are faint to praise
What glory waits upon the rose.
The spells I seek no wizard knows,
No Mage for all his parchment says,—
But, Sweetheart, something in thy gaze
And something on thy lips disclose
What glory waits upon the rose.

THE EPITAPH OF A BUTTERFLY

AS one by one she saw the leaves of red
And yellow wafted slowly to the ground,
Hope buoyed her heavy wings of flame and said
That 'mong them still some comrade might be
found.

But when o'er all the autumn hills a pall
Of gold was drawn before her glazing eye,
Yon mirrored pool made ready for her fall
A grave as lovely as her native sky.

AT NAZARETH

BEYOND the blackened embers of the earth
The west withdraws the sinking flames of
day;

So ends the seventh annual of My birth —

And see — a star, to taunt our brazier
gray!—

Dost thou remember how at hours like these —

Nay, mother, I was not too young to know —

Thou wouldst go meekly down upon thy knees

And opening wide our rustic coffer, show

The Magi's offerings fondly treasured there:—

The golden casket with its store of stones

And coins and amulets and ciphers rare;

The incense lamps, the myrrh's bejeweled
cones

With wondrous hieroglyphs engraven o'er.

These wouldst thou lift into My baby hands

Until My breast and arms could hold no more;

Then wouldst thou pour the precious incense
sands

Upon our little fire and all the room

Grew white with clouds of perfume undefiled;

Then wouldst prostrate thyself amid the gloom,

Sweet mother, all alone before thy Child.

To-night hast thou no incense for thy Son? —

The night wind finds our brazier black as
death? —
Nay, — do not kneel — here, here My breast
upon,
The stars shall show the vapor of thy breath.

SNOW FUGUE

THE moon, the mouldering moon, is out
Amid the ashes of the years,
Ere with his straggling hosts in rout
Day from his Moscow disappears.

And hark! the blasts' white finger beat
The mountain drums in long accord
Out where the cypresses entreat —
Green tongues that ceaseless praise the Lord.

O Night that falls upon the earth,—
Be gracious unto them who weep!
Soothe thou the pangs of death and birth,
And flood embittered hearts with sleep!

INVOCATION OF THE BUTTERFLIES

PUEBLO INDIAN SONG

BUTTERFLIES!—

Butterflies of daybreak glancing
O'er the yellow fields and blue,—
White wing,— red wing,— gold wing,— glancing

In the sun motes, whence got you
That apparel so entrancing? —
O what gardens came you through,
Butterflies?

Golden, pollen-tousled lovers
Of the corn-hearts and the sun! —
Lilac-petalled tribe, that hovers
Near the skies from whence it won
Shimmer of the light that covers
Fields afar when day is done! —
Butterflies,

Hither — crimson-cheeked — O wander
From the happy lands afar,
Down the rainbow pathway yonder
Where the clouds of water are!
Haste — the showers of pollen squander,—
Scatter rains from stalk and star,—
Butterflies!

ON LAKE TRASIMENO

COLD gleam the furrow pools with shreds of
day

On Trasimeno's marge; and far away
The moon o'er Sanguinetto's huts is seen —
The year's first crescent like a crown serene
Upon the brow of some averted face
Whose lineaments no mortal eye may trace.
There unto God the orchard trees lift high
Their leafless boughs like palsied hands and
sigh,—

"We are too old, O winds of winter, spare!"

"Too old! Too old!" the gray hills' answer-
ing pray'r;

"Have we not borne the ploughs of bronze and
steel —

Seen proud Etruria fall,— writhed 'neath the
heel

Of Hannibal,— and drenched our thirsting loam
With blood the richest in the veins of Rome? —

We are too old! The pigmy despots pass
Finding our beauty sterile; — yea, the glass
Of Time is emptied of its mightiest grains
And no strong hand to turn it back remains.

Therefore, your pity! — newly gathering
year —

Ask you no springtime, no more harvest
here! —"

But hush, there breathes from where the islands
lie
Melodious remonstrance in a sigh
Across the water,—“ O beloved shore,
Art thou so soon forgetful how we bore
Together here the pulse of ancient Mays —
When I, poor brother Francis, trod thy ways
From dear Assisi, whilst the song of birds
Scourged us with rapture and the southwind's
words
Marshalled the brotherhoods of clouds and
flow'rs
In white processions through the sunlit hours?
Hast thou forgotten these, sweet Umbrian
shore —
And all our Perfect Joys? Are they no
more? ”—
Then silence falls and o'er the hills afar
Drift incense flakes of blossoms such as are
At Whitsuntide beneath the evening star.

THE HILL PEOPLE

OVER the shoulders of hills where the great
clouds huddle around us,
With eyes half averted we gaze out afar on
the plain
Where trudges the infinite herd — the low-hung
heads that confound us —
Under the rose-dust haze of the cañon's limit-
less chain.

Herd unreturning that swarms, numberless,
slumberless, over
Wastes in the blaze of whose noon not a
shadow nor respite arrives;
Age upon age do they trudge, yet never can
vision discover
End to the flock and its range — nor the face
of the herdsman that drives.

Far in the cloud-laden hills we are lulled to their
treading of thunder,
As under the zenith ablaze they pass without
signal or word —
Stay! — on our throats there's a hand! — The
Rancher! — His brow, O the wonder! —
He drives adown through the gorge where his
white steed rounds up the herd!

THE HEART OF THE ROSE

WHAT are the joys of the rose? —
The silence of night at the shrine
Where it lies in a rapture divine;
The exquisite moment it knows
On the breast of a bride; its last sighs
On the lips of a poet who dies;—
These are the joys of the rose.

What are the griefs of the rose?
To lie in the clasp of the dead
While the tears of a mother are shed;
To symbol a passion that goes,
To fade on bosom unkind;
To perish unplucked on the wind;—
These are the griefs of the rose.

DAYBREAK

WHILE low before the throne of pearl there
 bend
 Acclaiming seraphs in majestic throng,
And whirlwinds of *Laudates* without end
 Shake God's far-shining citadels with song ;

Against the half-veiled lattice of the morn
 A truant cherub peeps across the dark
And 'neath the straggling clouds and stars out-
 worn,
 Strains his pink ear to list the rising lark.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

THE POET OF THE SOUTH SEAS

1843-1909

THINE exile ended,— O belovéd seer,—
Thou turnest homeward to thine isles of
light,

Thy reefs of silver, and palmetto height!
Yea, down thy vales sonorous thou wouldst hear
Again the cataracts that white and clear

Called from young days — oh, with what lov-
ing might! —

That from our arms and this embattled night
Thou break'st away and leav'st us weeping here.

Vain the laudation! — What are crowns and
praise

To thee whom Youth anointed on the eyes?

We have but known the lesser heart of thee
Whose spirit bloomed in lilies down the ways
Of Padua; whose voice perpetual sighs
On Molokai in tides of melody.

LITTLE PATHWAYS

NOT by the highways and the streets, dear friend,
Where kings and merchants and their minions
 wend,

But by the little pathways let us go
Lone ways that only humble footsteps know.
No dawdling feet upon the world's parade
Made yonder tracks that wind across the glade
Where slyly from the flooded haunts of men
Life trickles back into the wilds again.
See, here anon and there the ways divide
Some to the brook and some to the pasture side,
Glancing sweet invitation as they turn
To draw us with them through the beds of fern.
For each though lowly in its crude design
Leads somewhere — *somewhere*, mystery benign ;
And where the trail seems beaten hard and brown
Perchance the woodsmen turn from out the
 town ;

And where yon slender course but seems to stray
Some meadow lies or else the secret way
A timid lover hastens to his sweet.
Ah, look, another half o'er-grown we meet,
But still memorial of old travellers.
'Twas death, perchance, or fault, alas, of hers.
If now the grass has crept its footprints o'er ;
Perchance it led to home — a home no more.

'Tis ours, old friend, to treasure signs like these
Wherein are written rarer histories
Than chronicles of kings and empires tell;
For on the scrolling of the hill and dell
Life with a finger delicate and sure
Sets for our eyes its heart's own signature.
Soft to these hollow footways steal the leaves
When autumn turns to threaten; winter heaves
His warning breath of snowflakes earliest here;
Each in its little pulse reports the year.
Here when the golden dulcimers of spring
Strike to the forest chords' awakening,
Here are the primal leaf and grasses stirred
In answer with *Amens* of brook and bird.
Thus sweetly intimate with tender moods
Our pathways greet us from the solitudes;
Here from the past such fond reminders flow
As bid the future its vast claims forego,
Though by yon paths that by the thicket wind
The scythe of Time may other harvest find,
Though Life exult as in its proudest veins
And Empire course,— where now are mountain
rains.

VIGILIA

STILL let me dream of her,—
O winds of summer tangling rose and star!
Night, let your witcheries but minister
New harmonies to echo her afar!

Still let me dream of her,—
Though e'en at noon Fame's banners white be
furl'd;
Though joy and laughter cease,— the little purr
Of cities and the frothing of the world!

Though trumpets rend my ears
With Titan strife of passions,— though the
hours
Crush me like chariot wheels,— the gathering
years
Beat all earth's weeping on my head in
show'rs! —

Yea, though Life fall away
Into a shadowy haunt of things that were,—
Though Night be heaped in chaos on the Day,—
Still let me dream,— still let me dream of her!

BLACK JOHN'S WAY

THERE came a Merry-man down the lane
(Heigh-ho and a linkum-laddie)
And tapped with his bells at the ale-house pane
Whilst under the hill stole a sail from Spain.
(Fol-de-rol and a fol-de-raddy.)

Never came sound or a torch to light
(Heigh-ho and a linkum-laddie)
Black-John the Papist's house that night;
But the dawn heard spurs and the gallop of
flight —
(Fol-de-rol and a fol-de-raddy.)

By Saint Cuthbert's Well Nat Tinker dreamed
(Heigh-ho and a linkum-laddie)
That a shaven pate 'neath the torches gleamed
As a bride — Black-John's fair daughter —
screamed.
(Fol-de-rol and a fol-de-raddy.)

There's Spanish gold in the holy well,
(Heigh-ho and a linkum-laddie)
There's a Roundhead youth has cursed its
spell! —
There's a cheek like snow at the court of Spain,
But never a Merry-man down the lane.
(Fol-de-rol and a fol-de-raddy.)

WHERE DREAMS GO BY

OVER the hill there's a roadway turns
Through the fields of barley, wheat and
hay;

The moonlight paves it, the noontide burns,
The clouds trail over it all the day.

It is the road where my dreams go by
O'er velvet thresholds to the dawns;
It tells me where the hamlets lie,
The silver spires, the pasture lawns.

"Put by,"— it signs me,— "your cloak of care,
And think no more on the old worlds gone;
Here are the Hesperides more fair,
Here lovelier vales than Avalon!"

WORLD RUNES

HOAR are the cloud-peaks when the day is
done

† In druid conclave round the mystic sun ;
Night's silver eloquence of star and moon,—
The tides, the seasons, and the winds in tune,
Would, were their vast significance not vain,
Solve the enigma of our joys and pain
With words majestic as those the trees
Heave from their breasts unburthened by the
breeze.

Ah, 'tis not utterance of theirs at fault !
Hath not the earth, and earths that star the
vault,

A kindred language? This the heart of man
Instinctive fathomed when his race began,
Though now with soul left fallow, and grown
cold,

No more interprets he those voices old.
Not so when down Cumæa's mountain ways
The leaves were scattered for the Sybil's gaze ;
Not when the wizards on the isles of old
Bartered the fair winds for the Vikings' gold.
Deem you that secret perished? Nay, though
worn

With bearing fruitless message, night and morn
Old Earth, as one in mortal travail, cries
For hearts to take her wisdom ere it dies.

Thus when by night beneath some harvest moon
Her vales seem gathered in ecstatic swoon
Of mystery and sadness; when the wind
Trumpets the morning; or the heavens are
signed

For battle,— fain again would she essay
The ancient word that holds our souls at bay;
Her lips eternal, anguished, seem to part —
Ah, is it only silence fills our heart?

GETTYSBURG

WHO sleep at Gettysburg sleep well ;
A peace beyond the dreams of glory
Laps them in sunshine where they fell.
The very winds that croon them tell
Of hatreds like a drowsy story ;
Blue look the skies on where they dwell.

Ah, blanched with peace are Blue and Gray
Who come to tread these uplands — slowly
Lest in the merest piece of clay
That holds a flower or lines the way,
Some vestige of a heart-pulse holy —
Some comrade's heart — be stirred to-day.

But of that myriad host, ah, where
Are they — the young, the loved, th' un-
daunted,
The warring brothers marshalled there,
Defiance in their seraph air,
Their eyes with death's white beauty haunted,
Their hands to do, their souls to dare?

Hush, song ; among these storied flow'rs,
These pallid shafts and waving grasses,
Wake not such little plaint as ours ;
See with what calmness nature dow'rs
The silence of these meadow passes
In chastened sunlight, softened show'rs.

Not here their sole memorials —

But where th' eternal rainbow quivers
Athwart the rush of waterfalls ;

By gleam of lakes and cañon walls,

By north and southland swirl of rivers,
Where eagle wings or bittern calls.

DIS PLACIDIS

I PRAY the gods to spare me
From this dire love of mine
Whose sorrows rend and tear me,
Whose joys are poisoned wine!

Yea, gods, take back your pleasures,
Take back your gifts divine,
And from your hearts' own treasures
Grant peace at last to mine!

ON A NIGHTINGALE AT AMALFI

THERE'S an old, old tree of the orchard
hangs over the cliff in the moonlight
Where now is a nightingale come to sob, and
sob, to the breeze;
All the sorrows of proud, lost worlds seem voiced
in that desolate bosom,
With a cry to my heart that has turned from
the young world over the seas
To clamor alone of its griefs — boyish griefs
that are naught to these.

O ye who sang through the ages — poets of
Araby, Athens,
And Rome,— were ye deadened to woe, were
your bosoms so strong,—
Vast hearts, that ye hearkened this voicing of
youth and of sacrifice thwarted,
Of loves into mockery fallen, of shrines where
no suppliants throng,
Of empires and cities in briars and ashes,—
and called it a song!

FROM AVIGNON TO TARASCON

FROM Avignon to Tarascon
Psalms have died away in laughter;
Spire, and turret, and *donjon*
Echo but some *rigadon*
Careless of the Great Hereafter.
Never more reflects the river
Tonsured head or pluméd one,—
Pope and monk and prince are gone,
Troubadour and hearty-liver
From Avignon to Tarascon.
Yet to-day the Rhone goes singing
Quite as though no Papal John
With his huntsmen's clarion
Ever set its woodlands ringing;
Quite as though no rogue in iron
Jousted here, nor amazon
In severity or fun
Proved half-deaconess, half siren,
From Avignon to Tarascon.
Sun and vineyard still betray man —
Chateau-Neuf's red juices run —
Brigand still is Cupidon
To many a lass and godless layman
From Avignon to Tarascon.
Ah — what rosy sacrileges,

Broken vows, we've left upon
Lips like Jeanne's or Marthe-Yvonne! —
Floating past the blossom hedges
From Avignon to Tarascon!

ON THE VERANDA

ON the veranda while the waning moon
Flooded the vineyards and the glens of
June,
We gathered, singing softly in the shade
The sighful branches of the trellis made.
The elders listened silent as our song
Passed from each well-loved melody along:—
Through sweet plantation tunes, and hymns of
war,
And simple glees and ballads loved of yore.
They sat apart, their thoughts upon the days
And voices silenced — while the moon's pale rays
Transformed the orchard to a dreamlike place
Hung round with light and shadow as with lace.
And when the youthful chorus wearied grew
And to the house they pensively withdrew,
There in the shelter of the silvered vine
My fingers taking courage stole to thine.

ALHAMBRA SONG

WOULDST thou be comrade to the rose,
Yet of the thorns complain?
Wouldst pine for rarer pearls than those
The diver seeks where Aden flows,
Yet fear to tempt the main?

See where upon the twilight hills
Zuleika's lamp awakes;
There's not a nightingale that thrills
These vales with song so sweet as fills
The heart that sings and breaks.

Yet should thy panting lips refuse
In love's fond lists to vie
With nightingale, thou else must choose
Within yon lamp thyself to lose —
A moth — and give no sigh.

IN A FRIEND'S GUIDE-BOOK

A FLOWER of Spain — a yellow rose of Seville

That graced of old some gypsey's lustrous hair —

The spoil, I fancy, which the lucky devil
Bore off in memory of his folly there.

A flower of Spain some gracious señorita
Has thrown at carnival amid the ball —
Or bashful token of some Mariquita
With fan, mantilla, and embroidered shawl.

A flower of Spain — ah, not his last memento
Of Moorish gardens seen by honeymoon —
Left in his guide-book indiscreetly lent to
Another tourist in the month of June? —

A flower of Spain — yes, Time prepares to blot
it
To rust and ashes, all its fragrance flown! —
'Tis evident the rascal has forgot it —
But I shall add some others of my own.

LARGESSES

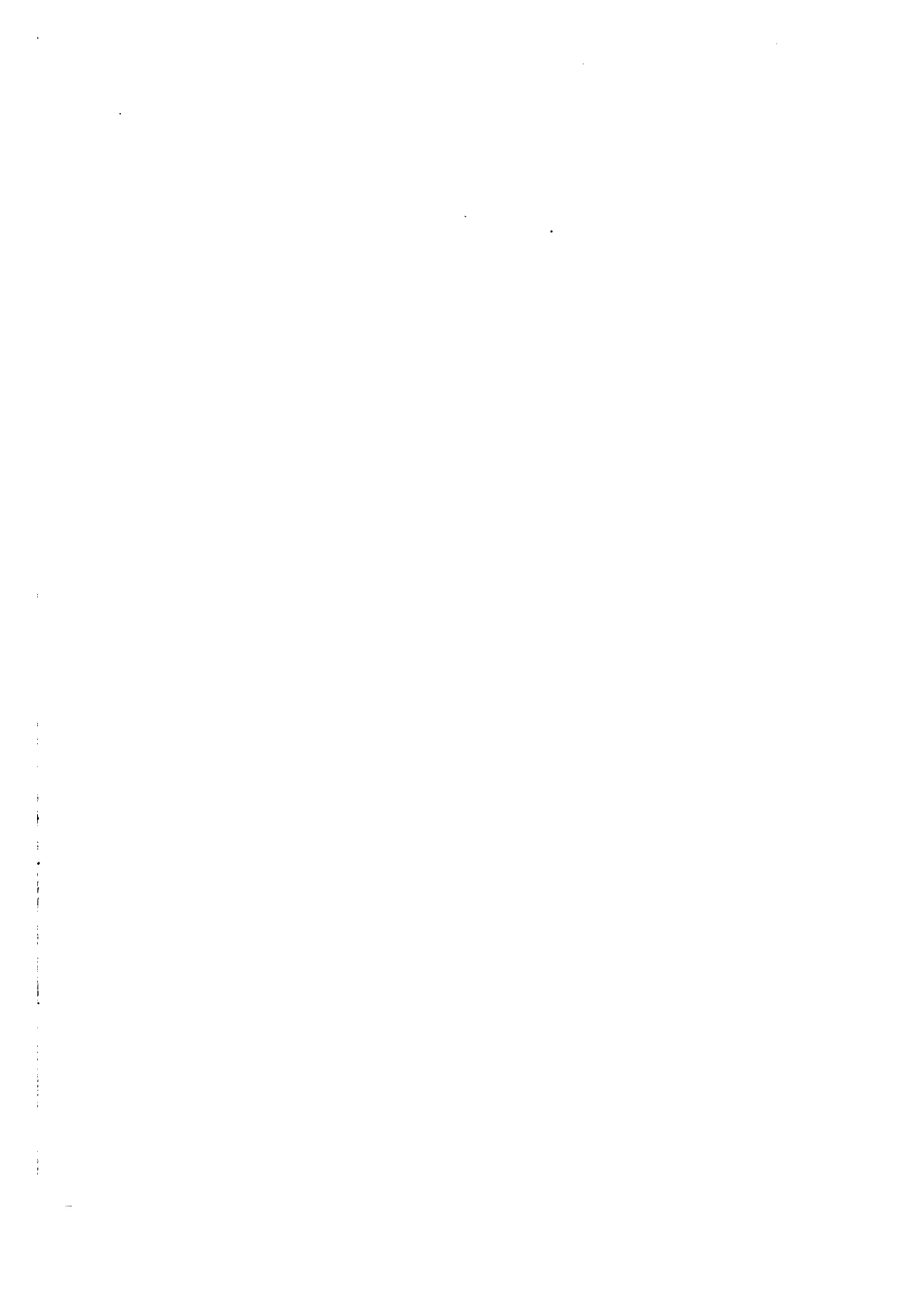
WHAT silver largesses are these
That scatter from the almond trees,—
O beggars, cease your mirth, and say
What little bride hath passed the way?

“ ’Tis April, April,”— they replied,—
“ The villagers have hailed as bride,
Whose silver largess glads us more
Than all the Autumn’s golden store.”

ON A GATE-STONE AT GRANADA

HERE stood the little garden where
Of old when joy was mine,
Over her cheeks' two roses rare
Her eyes,— twain stars,— would shine.
They say her beauty flaunts its flower
Within the courts of kings afar; —
But see how thorns enmesh the bower,
And never comes a star!

TO
ED. AND EMMA



THE CHANOINESSE

WITH vinaigrette, and purple robe, and
fan,
Madame Mathilde would take the morning
air;

Adown the formal paths her old sedan
Goes gravely moving round the bright par-
terre,

By gravelled walk and grotto, with their gleam
Of marble nymph and satyr, row on row ;
By storied oak, cascade, and glen, that seem
The shepherd haunts of Boucher and Wat-
teau.

Her faithful Jacques and Joseph, as of yore,
Go drowsing with her chair ; they too can see
The vision of old days — alas, no more —
That steals her from her jewelled rosary.

'Tis fair Versailles she sees,— the masques, the
plays,
Pavanes and minuets ; she hears — beguiled —
The horns of St.-Germain's far hunting-days
When beauty crowned her, when Great Louis
smiled.

And hark, another horn! Before her eyes
There comes her lover scarcely more than boy;
She sees him pass in proud and martial guise;
Her dry eyes melt,— she weeps o'er Fontenoy.

Bright days of conquest,— bitter memories
That break her spirit! — till the old command
Lights in her eyes, as down the path she sees
Her dear *curé* approaching hat in hand.

THE UHLAN

Y*OUNG Hugo's an Uhlan,
An Uhlan so fine;
His horse is the Kaiser's,
But Hugo is mine.*

To the cry of the clarion rides he away;
'Tis with softest of whispers I make him obey.

Though sunlight flash bravely from sabre and
lance,
I feel that he trembles in meeting my glance.

But fearless in battle my Hugo can be;
As fierce as the foeman, as tender to me.

Ay, flutter light pennon away to the strife;
On my tiniest finger I balance his life.

*For Hugo's an Uhlan,
An Uhlan so fine;
His horse is the Kaiser's,
But Hugo is mine.*

PENITENTS

W*HITE fingers tapping on the pane
Through all the ghostly day,—
White faces down the orchard lane
Where gusts and snowdrifts play,—
My heart would hear the messages
Your lips are fain to say!*

We are the myriads whom men
Have loved from olden time;
The spectre train of Magdalen
Through every age and clime,
The winds of fate are tossing us
Before their scorn sublime.

By times upon the lonely wastes
Where trail the city lights,
We taunt the traveller as he hastes
Across the troubled nights;
Or 'neath the moon we nestle down
On some cathedral's heights.

The mountains know our coming well
Far pilgrimage to make;
The salt seas scourge us with their swell;
The winds our wild prayers take;
The sunlight and the starlight strive
Our fevered hearts to slake.

Till when upon our calméd souls
The peace of mountains creeps,
Our trembling sisterhood unrolls
Into the valley deeps,
And clusters 'mong the thatch and vines
Where some pure maiden sleeps.

*White pilgrims down the orchard lane,—
See, night comes on apace;
And one far casement lights the plain
From my love's dwelling-place.
Oh, grant her there, when comes the moon,
Your silvery embrace.*

IN MEMORY'S GARDEN

THERE is a garden in the twilight lands
Of Memory, where troops of butterflies
Flutter adown the cypress paths, and bands
Of flowers mysterious droop their drowsy eyes.

There through the silken hush come footfalls
faint
And hurried through the vague parterres ; and
sighs,
Whispering of rapture or of sweet complaint
Like ceaseless parle of bees and butterflies.

And by one lonely pathway steal I soon
To find the flowerings of the old delight
Our hearts together knew — when lo, the moon
Turns all the cypress alleys into white.

SONGS

WOULD God, some little song might come
To hearts of men, as in the spring
The birds confide to branches numb
At April's earliest blossoming!
Till lips, like stone no longer dumb,
With life's melodious floods might ring —
Would God, the song might come! —

But gone is boyhood from the heart;
For all the bright dream-army fades —
The knights, the troubadours depart —
The shepherd swains, the lily maids.
Ah, minstrel,— where thine oldtime art
To flood with tender serenades
The windows of the heart!

Hark! through earth's cities runs a cry
Proclaiming new appointed days
Of beauty — Hark! — “Old hates shall die
And craft shall yield the soul's due praise,
The High Fates put their terrors by —
And man walk chainless on Life's way!”
Song! Song,— take up that cry!

STAR-TRYSTS

THE pool of the lilies yearns and sighs
All night long for its starry skies ;
The skies look down through the lily floats
And pine all day for their ivory throats.

Winds of the morning clarion far
Their taunt at the heels of each laggard star ;
There is flit of wings where the boughs hang
over,—
Arrows of sunlight breath of clover.

But ah ! when the twilight beetle goes
With droning whir o'er the sleepy rose,
There comes one perfect hour of peace
When skies, and waters, find surcease ;
When the lotes grow fond to the day's embrace
And the stars bend down o'er the pool's wan
face ; —
One perfect hour ere night comes on,
And day from his lily loves is gone ; —
One perfect hour, ere the moon recalls
The loitering stars to her silver halls.

IN THE TWILIGHT OF LOVE

IF years ago you told me, dear,
That on a day our dreams would fade
To these half-hearted fancies drear,
I should have grieved and felt dismayed.

But yet so softly has the rain
Of dead years' ashes settled on
Each passion-jewel that the pain
Is smothered ere all light has gone.

Ah, be it thus with love's decease! —
Its day is done; its shrine, too high
To brave Time's destined tragedies;
Let us steal down ere night comes by.

THE VOICE

OVER the fields and the sea
To where on the hill I was sleeping
There whispered a Voice unto me,—
“Arise!” and I caught the sun creeping
In under the door of the room,
And my eyes still sore from old weeping
Looked up, and saw ’twas a tomb.

Then I remembered it all;—
The hush of loved voices; the token
Of roses; the tears you let fall;
The sobs half smothered and broken.
Ah, long did it seem since my breast,
With the farewells only half spoken,
Had heaved its last sigh into rest.

In dust fell the wreath from my head
As I broke through the cobwebs that bound
me.
Still, still the Voice Beautiful said,—
“Arise!” and I felt all around me,
Till on the mildewy floor
Standing atremble I found me,
And softly I opened the door.

Oh, the vast surge of the light,
And the warmth, and earth-gladness! The
singing
Of birds through the blossom-drifts white,
And the far bells' silvery ringing!
All my strange robe, as I stood
In the sunlight, grew pure; the lark winging
Shook music o'er pasture and wood!

Out on the glittering lands
A great white army went slowly
With branches of palm in their hands
Mid the silence seraphic and holy;
Went over smooth fields near the sea
Whence that Voice came murmuring lowly,—
“Arise and come unto me!”

Rapturous thrill of those words!
As I felt all their meaning awaken,
My heart leaped up with the bird's,—
All thoughts of old sorrows forsaken!
Out o'er the fields and the sea
I stole till the throng was o'ertaken —
And sighed, “Unto Thee! Unto Thee!”

THE HAIL

THERE is an army marching
 Across the straining roof ;
And roused from sleep I hear the sweep
 Of sabre, drum, and hoof.

And every chattering window
 Is trembling as in fear
While on the blast the horde goes past
 And leaves the storm-path clear.

DREAM ELOQUENCE

IN dreams of thee I feel the eloquence
That floods the souls of poets half divine;
Earth blooms anew; and music takes a sense
Of glorious pain; and thought gives warmth
like wine.

Oh, to give this to language! To distil
With wizardry this heavenly vapor fleet!
And in a word, a gem, a flower, at will,
Cast all my trembling passion at your feet!

A SIGH FROM ALHAMBRA

THY beauty's orchard in decay! —
Thy soul an exile on the wind! —
Thy cheek's fond jewel in the clay
With Death's imperial signet signed! —

Lo, by the pathway where they bore
Thy form unto its cypress urn,
The rose droops earthward more, and more,
As though to hearken thy return!

IN THE HOUSE OF AUGUSTUS

COM'ST thou to greet me at the Forum gate
Where dwelt Octavian, earliest star of
night,—

Leaving thy little vales and pools of light,
Thy paths of home whereon I saw thee late?
Sweet is thine oldtime message here, where fate
O'erwhelmed man's haughtiest eminence with
blight,—

To tell this crumbling beauty of a night
Which hath survived all despots and all state.

Here 'mid this wrack of broken arch and
shrine,—

Rienzi's haunt,— Farnese's hills of pine,—

Where 'neath Time's very brow, the Goths
our sires

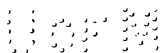
Entombed slave-empire,— here, thy purer rays
Bespeak, O childhood's star!— Christ's prom-
ised days,

The lamps of peace, the hearths' untainted
fires.

TO
MARIE-LOUISE
AND
ARCHER VANCE PANCOAST

IN THE CLOISTER OF SAN JUAN

MOONLIGHT haunts the little garden
Of the cloister of San-Juan
Where the Novice Serafita —
She so fair to look upon —
Steals adown the fragrant passes
Near the fountains murmuring low
While the misty harbor slumbers
And the stars and lamplights glow.
In that garden on the hillside
There are roses to enslave
Poets' hearts with dreams of beauty
To the threshold of the grave;
Shrines of Virgins are reflected
In the founts that never cease
And the night wind in the trellis
Whispers orisons for peace.
Gently there the youthful novice
In her cloister robe of white
Bends to whisper to the roses
Dripping with the dews of night; —
“Are you weeping, little sisters?
Is there sorrow in your breast
At this hour so calm and saintly
When the weary-hearted rest?”
And they answer in the moonlight
For their souls were all her own
Since they blossomed in her kisses



And had felt her hand alone:—
 “We are weeping, Serafita,
 O’er the sorrows of the rose.”—
 —“Nay, belovéd,”—she makes answer,—
 “Are your blossoms not of those
 That alone upon the altar
 Through the silent night repose,—
 All your hearts in love consuming
 At the threshold of your Lord?”
 But they whisper, softly weeping,
 —“Few there be for such award.”—
 —“Nay,” she pleads,—“if earth so claim you,
 Be the tokens that enshrine
 Love in throthéd maidens’ bosoms
 In avowal half divine.”
 Then they answer, “Serafita,
 Nor for them our petals weep,
 Who upon the day they blossom
 At the feet of Jesu sleep;
 Nor for them, our gentle sisters
 Who on maiden hearts find grace
 There to breathe out all their being
 In love’s sacrificial place;
 But our tears are falling, falling,
 For the roses that must lie
 All the perfect night on bosoms
 Whence they hearken base reply,—
 Lain on hearts grown deaf and heedless
 To the plea that roses make,—

Roses but decoys to kisses
That are poisoned like the snake.
These have filled our hearts with sorrow,
Most of all, the dumb despair
Of the rose upon a bosom
Set for love that is not there.”
Then — so runs the simple legend —
There came fear within the eyes
Of the Novice Serafita
As she listened to their sighs,
Bent and wept upon their petals —
And with prayer her lips upon —
Hastened through the silver moonlight
In the cloister of San Juan.

THE LEVANTINE

FROM off her back she swings the satchels
down
And spreads her wares. Her hands tattooed
proclaim
In arabesque her tribe and creed and name,—
The swarthy peddler through our inland town.
With sharp eyes watching for a smile or frown,
Across the worlds of time and space she came,
Relaxing never from her ancient aim,—
Here where the blue-eyed urchins pluck her
gown.

What of her youth and gladness? — on what
shore
Levantine,— on what height of Lebanon,
Rove the lithe kinsmen of her Biblic race?
Those eyes, perchance, Stamboul hath doted-on,
Or Smyrna's alleys praised — ere, to our door
She trudged the farmlands with her beads
and lace.

AFTERGLOW

OVER the orchard one great star;
The yellow moon;—and the harvest
done;
And the cheek of the river crimsoned far
From the kiss of the vanished sun.

THE HOURS

AWAKE,— the misty waters hear
Across the hills the chanticleer
Proclaim his ancient warning!
The cloud-heaped harbors of the east
Unfurl as for a bannered feast
The crimson sails of morning.

Twelve galleons of mauve and red
And liquid gold and at their head
The day-star gleaming o'er them,
From out their offing-bar advance
With breasting sheets and crystal dance
Of rainbow sprays before them.

And lo! — the opal'd waters raise
The waves' white brows to swell their praise
Along the paths they follow;
While all the hills and strands are stirred
With low of kine and song of bird,
With flight of cloud and swallow.

Twelve argosies ye be that go
With freights of joys, and pains, and woe,
By ways where none may linger;
The day-star fades upon your mast,
Your sails of ruby meet at last
The noontide's jealous finger.

The breath that drives you o'er the skies
Knows never lapse, nor ever dies ;
Your pilot's eye ne'er closes ;
From morning star to evening star
Fate speeds you on his paths afar
From dawn's to sunset's roses.

Then as through Night's black gulfs you swing,
O what a motley harvesting
Your weary hulks go bearing ! —
What wharfage waits their strange discharge —
Or in the void doth every barge
Sink in one swirl despairing?

Upon the hills we crouch all night
And ply our God with question trite,
Where sail those fleets of morning?
Till swift again across the world
New silver halliards are unfurled
And chanticleer is warning.

RUSSIAN SPRINGSONG AFTER
MINAIEV

SHE softly droops her maiden eyes
Behind the casement ledge at home,
And ever and anon she sighs,—
“ Ah, if the spring would only come! ”

Another on his bed of pain
With hope of health and sunshine near,
Warms his faint heart with like refrain,—
“ Ah, if the spring were only here! ”

And soon the spring with flower and dove
Brings each a portion on its breath:—
For her, sweet blossomings and love;
For him, sweet blossomings and death.

ON THE PIAZZA DI SPAGNA, ROME

SUNLIGHT and starlight find them still the
same,
Still crowd the strange years by ; each carven
name

Grows dimmer on the marble balustrade
That winds unto the Pincian with its shade
Of cypress and of ilex, file on file,
Beyond the cross-crowned needle from the Nile.
Ne'er come the winds and rains as strangers here
Where Keats' great soul went forth ; the lanterns peer

By twilights opaline as those he knew ;
The low-voiced fountain sobs its midnights
through.

New popes, new princes, hail with old array
The saints and triumphs granted for to-day ;
New flowers are bartered-for beneath the sun ;
New dreamers come to sigh o'er days undone.
Proud Rome,— they took the garlands of your
tombs

To drape their ploughshares, to inspire their
looms ;

They lit their furnace at your altar fires ;
And scoured the seas and sped their glistening
tires

Through worlds you knew not ; yet unsatisfied

They come — Gaul, Teuton, Anglian, in their
pride —
To wrest the fuller message from your glooms,
The word of life,— their ear against your
tombs.

MATINS

WHEN in your heart the song seems ended
And life and laughter no more keep tune
With the lilt of the waters and day seems blended
With shadows that stray from some ghostly
moon,—
Faint heart, remember the month of June.

Then the southwind whispers the trees, "O
brothers,
Awake and array ye for the feast!"
And the lambkins bleat, "It is dawn, dear
mothers!"
And the tulips hailing the sun as priest
Lift up their chalices to the east.

Yea, and each leaf like a cymbal beating
Proclaims its pæan by hill and glen,
Laudate Dominum repeating.—
And you, faint heart, what sing you then
As the brooks and the birds respond Amen?

GROVER CLEVELAND

NO surge fanatical, no tide of greed
Raised him to grasp our destinies supreme;
Nor battering mob, nor plutocrat's foul
scheme

Held back his hand from its appointed deed
Of righteousness; nor doth chicane succeed
To smirch his laurels — though no foolish
gleam

Theatric plays around his brows that seem
Set like Gibraltar so the world may heed.

Lo, vistaed down the morning peaks of Time,
Not flushed with youth nor with th' exultant
crest

Of pioneer or combatant, he stands!
Exemplar to our manhood in its prime —
Of all true citizens acclaim as best,
The clean, ripe mind, the lawful heart and
hands.

WITH THE SHEPHERDS ON THE HILLS

BESIDE its weary mother the lamb began
to bleat:—

“Mother, mother, hearken to the voices strange
and sweet!”

(The old ewe slumbered deeply; the winds and
clouds were fleet.)

“O mother look and tell me what forms are
these in flight

Across the hills and valleys—what floating
eyes of light?”

(“Hush, you are dreaming,—the mists are
thick to-night.”)

“But mother, mother, listen,—they are whis-
pering again

That Christ, a Lord and Savior, is born this
night to men

In David’s holy city adown our pasture glen—

“And see,—like drifting fleeces through the
midnight air they wing—”

(“Wake me not, little one, mine eyes see not
a thing.”)

“Oh hearken, hearken, mother,—a *Gloria* they
sing!

**“ And see, the skies are clearing, a star is gleam-
ing down
Awake and follow, mother, for amid the shadows
brown
The shepherds bear me with them on the path
to Bethlehem Town.”**

NO SPRING TILL NOW

NO spring till now,— though in its hushing
voices

The garden warned me of the year's decline ;
“ Not here,” they said, “ the springtime of thy
choice is ; ”

And in the falling star I read the sign.

The long night through I followed at its warn-
ing,

And now — the mocking fires and pitfalls
passed —

Footsore and faint I wait the soul's white morn-
ing

Upon the threshold of the spring at last.

No spring till now! — O heart, stay yet thy
gladness,

Ere yet thou leav'st the crags and marshes
drear

Where thou hast won thy way in toil and sad-
ness,

One last farewell — turn thou and bless them
here.

Yea, Hope supernal o'er my brow uncloses
The golden vials of a perfect day;
And see, my gaping wounds all turned to
roses,—
My soul, a lark that wings upon its way!

A GARDEN PRAYER

THAT we were earthlings and on earth must
live

Thou knewest, Allah, and did'st grant us
bread;

Yea,—and remembering of our souls — did'st
give

Us food of flowers; — Thy name be hal-
lowéd!

TO
JOHN J. DONLAN
FRIEND AND REVEREND

THE NOEL OF ST. ELOI

THEN *you have seen the Wise-Kings*
pass,—
My children, answer me;
Quick, sit you down and rest, alas,
How tired your feet must be!

O mother, we did climb the hill,
Yet it was all in vain;
For though we ran their banners still
Lay out beyond the plain;
Their steeds went galloping afar
Beneath the wintry evening star
With golden crest and rein.

Could you not see their holy eyes,
The sacred gifts they bore?
Their magic wands of wondrous size,
Their books of hidden lore?

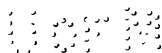
We hurried down the orchard-side
Though darkness had begun;
Beyond the woods we saw them ride
On clouds across the sun;
And then they vanished in the west
Just where the sun sinks down to rest
And stars came, one by one.

*Alas! then you did miss them so? —
I saw them pass the hill
And straightway to the chapel go,—
We there shall find them still.*

And shall we see their faces there,—
Each King with robes and crown?
Quick, mother dear, the meal prepare
And let us hasten down;
For hark, the parish bells we hear
Ring down the valley sweet and clear
To welcome them to town!

NIGHT IN THE SUBURBS

PEACE after fevered hours ;
No more
The clatter of streets and harbor roar ;
Only some wind-swept tree
Recalls the jostle and anxiety,
Only some drowsy hill, the city's surging towers.
Night, be thou mindful of thy sacred bond !
Come not as when thy reign
Shook fen and hill beyond
Man's outposts with the roaring
Of beasts in rage and pain :
But turn thine eyes, imploring
The boon of sleep
Upon these garden eaves, and keep
Thy faithful tryst and pure,
Here where calm mothers rest
Enriched with loving turmoils of the nest ;
Here where man's dreams endure,
And stalwarth arms in sleep
Reach toward the heights of steel and granite
strewn
In proud up-tumble,
Where bridges swing to heaven above the rumble
Of star-fed bees
That float amid the wonder of the moon
On merchant embassies.
Dreams glorious such as these



The sculptor knows upon his work-shop bed
Beneath the marble where he would fulfill
Some final loveliness — which still
Dawn sees unfinished.

RAVELLO

LORDS of Ravello — men of craft and
might

Whose bones are dust in scattered tombs to-
night

Along Amalfi's splendor-haunted coast—
Warriors, bishops, merchants — turbulent hosts
So stiff and stark on many a carven shrine
At Scala and Atrani; Angevine,
Lombard and Norman, ye who sound no more
For war or revel round Salerno's shore,—
Come ye not ghostly back at hours like these
To high Ravello, whose proud mysteries
Of crag and valley ye can solve alone? —
Castles and ports deserted — towers o'erthrown
Where once ye held you strong 'gainst storm
and foe—

Nameless — agape to all the winds that blow? —
From far below, the fisher-town appear,
Chants as ye fashioned in the ages when
With Sicily ye crushed the Saracen.
And ere the plaints are done, some ancient bell
Among the valley domes awakes to tell
Once more the story of the fragrant years: —
How erst by that steep footway, where one
hears
Now but the fountain's drip, there rose the
clash

Of battle-axe, and falchion, and the flash
Of Pisan steel against the Norman shields,
As flamed the bolted gates, the ravaged fields: —
How once rang battle-cries from town to town
Round holy Trophimena's bones dragged down
From out Minori's shrine by pirate bands
That sought the relics for their unblest lands.
Nay, 'tis no moon that silvers all your shore,
Lords of Ravello, where your feasts are o'er,
But gleam of jewelled goblets that ye cast
Upon the deeps as cup on cup was passed.
For here ye kissed, and poniarded, and played;
Troths plighted; yea, and sleeping friends be-
trayed! —

Fair were the shrines ye reared, ere summoned
hence —

D'Afflitto,— Rufolo,— in penitence!
Fallen — fallen Amalfi! Gone her Doges' days
Of pageantry! None but the dreamer stays
To trace,— Ravello,— in thy roofless holds
The names, the glories, that the moss enfolds.
Yet no such breath of lemon groves,— no skies
Of purple,— fold your haughty kin that lies
Afar in Naples, where the mass-bells swing
And choristers' and peddlars' outcries ring
Through the alley mazes. For their full repose
Not even avails the sanctuary close —
Where, scorn of their own pauper offspring's
feet,

They frown in stone,— while bells and censers
greet
God's very Self called earthward o'er and o'er,
And many crouch in fear and few adore.

SEVILLANA

SUN in the darkening west,
Wouldst thou vie with the damask flow'r
In her raven hair at rest?
Pale moon of the twilight hour,—
Like mine hath thy cheek confest
Dolores' lovely pow'r.—"

Hush, music — her whisper is heard
At the lattice; I bend o'er her hand
Which flutters in mine like a bird.
As the wave to the shell on the strand,
My soul is outpoured in a word
That her ear is not fain to withstand.

*Up from the alley-way steals
The cobbler's rap-a-tap song:—
"Ha, ha! for the lover who feels
Both his heart and shoe-leather so strong
That they'll never wear down at the heels —
Ha, ha! but love's journeys are long!"*

On streams the night; there is breath
Of the tangerines over the walls.
"Forever — thine only," she saith,
As soft from the belfry there falls
The stroke of The Souls — sighing, "Death —
Death — and the loves it recalls!"

Peace to you, souls of the past —
Lovers whose yearnings are o'er! —
Yea, bid the loveless sleep fast,
White moon, with thy seal to their door! —
But O my Dolores! — at last
Thy lips — upon mine — evermore! —

TO FRANCIS THOMSON

AS lightning o'er some village feast of
lamps,

Thy spirit still flashed across these little
times

Of babbling sages and ear-cozening rhymes.

The storm comes on! Lo, what new pallor
stamps

The brows that with thee held the high-pitched
camps

Of beauty 'gainst the horde from out the
slimes

Of Greed and Hate, who clutch the heaven-set
chimes

To drag them jangling down the fens and
damps!

For thou art gone—thy “stammer of the
skies”

Resolved to ultimate song! The white gleam
lies

Along the dismal streets thy feet have passed,
And shame burns hot on cheeks thou erst
found cold.

Thy giant soul hath Pindar claimed at last;
Thee to his breast Assisi's son doth fold.

THE CATHEDRAL, BURGOS, 1905

HIGH in their groves of stone the ancient
bells intone.)

Hosannas fling we on the midnight air!

For tongues of silver, lips of brass are ours,

And far to sing their gladness and their care

Men hung us here amid these carven bow'rs,—

In excelsis Gloria!

(Then pulse with joyous tone the Spires in uni-
son.)

We that are earth's last flowering up to God

Lift to the stars the gladness of the land!

(The Gargoyles mouth and leer from every
ledge and pier.)

We for earth's outcasts witness; in the sod

Both worm and flower are equal in His
hand,—

In excelsis Gloria!

(Hark, the Foundation-Stone heaves forth its
joy alone.)

Brother to that bare stone of Bethlehem

Whereon His earliest pillow was,— am I!—

Let the glad chimes remember that for them

My shoulders prop their eyries in the sky —

In excelsis Gloria!

(Then from the Organs pour the canticles of
yore.)

To God in utmost heaven let proud acclaim
Of Glory, Love, and Sovereignty resound! —
O that the winds which over Bethlehem came
Were in our throats to make His praise
abound —

In excelsis Gloria!

(And as their chants arise the Baptistery sighs.)
O Bethlehem in me each day renewed! —

(The Crypt where deep are stored monarch, and
saint, and lord.)

Hosanna from the Manger of the Dead!

(The Altar-Tapers fair burn out their souls in
prayer.)

There was a star upon that solitude
Wherefrom was Perfect Light on Juda
shed,—

In excelsis Gloria!

(Then all the Townsfolk cry in one clear song
on high.)

Flesh of our flesh — unto the earth He came;

Soul of His soul — to win us home again!

Our souls and bodies worshipping proclaim

The Christ in us reborn this night to men —

In excelsis Gloria!

Et in terra Pax!

THE TARDY SPRING

UNTIL the spring — until the breath of
May,
She meekly craved her Lord that she might stay.

“Yea, till the spring,”— He whispered her
apart,—

“Until the May, thou gentle, trusting heart.”

But bleak and tardy crept the days along;
There came no bloom for her, no flit of song,—

And at the last she sighed,— “The flowers de-
lay —

Perchance they wait to meet me on my way —”

She died — at morn we threw her windows
wide —

Anemones filled all the garden side.

THE POOL OF THE HAZELS

WHERE bend the hazels' ancient boughs
above,
I linger by the mountain pool and dream;
The branches whisper names and runes I love,
The waters eye me with reproachful gleam.
For here the footsteps of old kings have been,
And in the depths their glittering baubles lie;
Their crowns, their torques, their silver wands,
are seen,
With drowsy salmon softly brushing by.

And as I muse the hazel nuts drop down
Below the shadowed surface with a gasp;
But when my arm would seize a sword or
crown,—
Ah, see, the ripples hide it from my grasp.
And once again the nightwind at my ears
Is whispering, "Dreamer, vain is all your
toil!
Leave if you will your little meed of tears,
But from the Pool of Sorrows take no spoil."

NOEL OF STE. ANNE DE CHICOUTIMI,
QUEBEC

“‘**F**RRIEND *Jeanne-Marie*, 'tis the holy
night,
Thy cloak put on, thy lantern light.”
(Hark to the joyous carillon!)
“Therese, no childless wife can say
Fit prayers to-night; go thou and pray.”
(The bells ring Noel, Noel.)
“*Nay, Jeanne-Marie, at the chapel door*
Thou canst kneel till the mass is o'er,
(Hark to the solemn carillon!)
While I go up to the Crib and make
Bon-Jesu homage for thy sake.”
(The bells ring Noel, Noel.)
Frosty stars from the sky look down;
Lanterns pass to the hillside town;
(Hark to the holy carillon!)
And there they see 'mid the lights and awe
The waxen Infant on the straw.
(The bells ring Noel, Noel.)
“*Rise up, rise up, good Jeanne-Marie.*
The mass is over; come with me.”
(Hark to the noisy carillon!)
“Therese, Therese,—old neighbor dear,—
I must have slept,—He—He came here.”
(The bells ring Noel, Noel.)
“*Hush, Jeanne-Marie, and come away;*

The church is cold,— 'twill soon be day."

(Hark to the dying carillon!)

"Yes, in my sleep, Therese, I saw

The Infant-Jesu leave the straw,

(The bells ring Noel, Noel.)

And come and lay His forehead blest

Here, Therese, on my childless breast,

(Hark to the merry carillon!)

And then I heard the children sing

The glad *Adeste* to their King."

(The bells ring Noel, Noel.)

"*Jeanne-Marie, another year*

Thyself mayst to the Crib draw near."

(Hark to the echoing carillon!)

"Pray God, Therese, that I may there

Among the mothers make my prayer."

(The bells ring Noel, Noel.)

A PANEL AFTER TURNER

THE peacock on the balustrade
Of ambered marble sleeps away ;
His feathered train's begemmed array
Sweeping the poppies in cascade.

The fountain Triton flings about
His spray amid the tawny sun
Where shines a lithe chameleon
Like tinsel, basking noontide out.

While weary of the perfumed air
The butterfly, a white Pierrot —
Droops o'er the jasmine pulsing slow
His petaled wings of opal rare.

They dream — Afar, see, tumbling high,
The storm's gray chaos! Its decrees
The enpurpled plumage of the trees
Proclaims, "Faint rose, the rain is nigh."